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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair.

It does not appear that Senator Arthur P. Gorman has properly digested and assimilated Sam Fessenden's excellent aphorism, "God hates a quitter."

Senator Quay knows a band wagon when he sees it, and will start on his second journey to Canton next week. It is curious that Mr. Platt, whom scoffers delight to call "Me Too," is the only Republican statesman plucky enough to maintain his original position to the end.

The news that the property of "Gas" Addicks in Wilmington, Del., is to be sold for taxes will add to popular approval of the vigorous "turning down" of this statesman at St. Louis. "Millions for politics, but not a cent for taxes," is scarcely a commendable rule of conduct for a would-be Senator.

A contemporary reads a solemn moral lesson, with pictures in it, to the Japanese for their barbarity in allowing famishing parents in the province of Kwang-si to sell their daughters. It is indeed a melancholy state of affairs, but the fact that the province of Kwang-si is in China may be thought to mitigate the guilt of the Japanese.

Yesterday's judicial decision that the "Flag law" of Illinois is unconstitutional will not be regretted by people whose patriotism is of the substantial and not of the melodramatic order. The value of the flag is in the sentiments it evokes, and sentiments that have to be forced by law are not worth having.

Professor Henry A. Mott thinks that woman is not really responsible for her actions, since it is her nature to act first and then to reason. But Mrs. Carter did a lot of reasoning before she began to act—about $18,000 worth, at last accounts. It was the masculine millionaire who neglected to reason in that case.

We doubt the merit of Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre's suggestion that an official chemist be made a regular attache of the District-Attorney's office, and act as the testifying expert in cases of suspected poisoning. To the evidence of a witness so intimately connected with the prosecution would inevitably attach that suspicion which juries commonly manifest toward the testimony of the State's detectives.

OUR CUBAN POLICY.

The Spaniards have 175,000 men now in Cuba, and they promise to send 40,000 more there in August. The present force is doing nothing except to massacre non-combatants and die of yellow fever. When the reinforcements arrive, the total strength of the army of occupation will probably be no greater than it is now. Meanwhile the island is rapidly becoming uninhabitable. The Spaniards murder the country people who fail to come into the towns, and the towns are simply besieged camps, in which it has grown almost impossible to maintain life.

How long are we to permit this suffering to continue? For whose advantage is it? Certainly not for ours, for a profitable trade is going to ruin before our eyes. Not for Cuba's, for her people have implored us to end their misery. Not even for Spain's, for the fever and the Cuban machete have carried mourning into every Spanish village, and the cost of the war is bankrupting the Spanish treasury. The truest kindness we could do to Spain would be to cut once for all the bond that fastens her to the putrefying corpse of her American colonial empire, and give her a chance to develop her domestic resources in health and peace.

But if we intervene we shall have war, it is said. Possibly; but we shall not prevent it by delaying our intervention. If Spain is going to consider our interference in behalf of Cuba a cause of war we shall have to fight her sooner or later, and we might as well give her the chance to take her stand now and get it over with. For nothing is more certain than that we are going to help Cuba when Congress meets again. The question for President Cleveland, therefore, is simply whether we shall help her now or wait until forty or fifty thousand more men have been killed or died of fever, until more women and children have been murdered, until the ruin of the island has been made more complete, and until Spain has laid in a stock of ironclads and torpedo boats capable of making us more trouble. Everything in our home politics is drifting, but the drifting policy has no perceptible advantages in foreign affairs.

A NATIONAL DISASTER.

There are reasons aside from its effect upon the currency system of the nation, upon credits at home and abroad, and upon American securities, why the seemingly inevitable domination of the Democratic party by free silver extremists is deplorable.

In this nation, with its growing tendency to the concentration of wealth through the processes of monopoly, there is need for a great political party which shall stand firmly antagonistic to trusts and monopolistic combinations; which shall oppose the use of the taxing power of the nation to foster monopoly; which is ready to demand that a man be taxed according to his wealth, not according to his wants; which shall strive to regain for the people those natural opportunities that have been seized for the benefit of the few, and, refusing consent to the creation of artificial monopolies, shall demand that functions naturally and necessarily monopolistic shall be performed by the State for the benefit of all.

In a nation which gives signs of an increasing tendency to invade the rights of the individual and to abridge personal liberty—which permits a Raines law in New York, a flag law in Illinois, Sabbatarian and impertinent legislation everywhere, there is need of a party which shall stand in antagonism to such unwarrantable attacks upon liberty.

Such a party the Democratic party in the main has been. True, it has under unwise leadership now and again failed of its highest endeavors, but its general purpose has been clearly defined, its effort to secure equal rights for all and to deny special privileges have been persistent.

That upon a single issue—an important one, it is true, but less important than the full Democratic programme, as the part is always less than the whole—the Democracy should be rent in twain, is a disaster to the people.

A PROMISING EXPERIMENT

In yesterday's Journal appeared a description of a social and political experiment that deserves more than passing attention. In the "George Junior Republic" we have an example of successful self-government by boys, and boys of the very sort that are supposed, when grown up, to be not only unfit to govern themselves, but to be a disturbing element that thwarts the efforts of the good citizens to whom the management of public affairs properly belongs. This juvenile community shows that intelligence, industry, independence and good citizenship can come from the slums if the materials be only handled in the right way.

We know of no more promising effort to counteract the dangers that threaten American society and government than this. Instead of fighting bad citizenship it eradicates it. If carried far enough it would leave no "dangerous classes" to undermine the foundations of our republican fabric. There would be health and vigor then all through the body politic. It seems to us that such a work is worth encouraging. If others think so, too, the Journal offers them the opportunity to back their good will with such contributions as they feel that they can afford to make.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It is a rather interesting reflection that all the present hubbub over the silver question, so far as it affects the integrity of party organizations, would have been avoided if the framers of the Federal Constitution had done what they intended to do. They intended to have the President really elected by the Electoral College, but by their arrangement of the details of their machinery they made it inevitable that he should be in fact elected by the people. Instead of allowing the electors to come together and vote until they reached a choice, they provided that they should assemble in sections in their respective States and cast a single ballot, and that if no candidate received a majority on this ballot, the functions of the electors should devolve upon the House.

Suppose the other and more natural plan had been adopted, and a real Electoral College had been constituted, meeting at the national capital and balloting until a majority agreed upon a President, what would have been the present situation? There would have been none of the present desperate struggle over the platforms of the national conventions. The Eastern States would have chosen gold standard electors, some Democrats and some Republicans; the South would have chosen free silver Democrats, the mining States free silver independents or Populists, and the Central West would have been divided. When the Electoral College met probably no faction would have had a majority. After several ballots and full discussion a combination would eventually have been formed, and some candidate—not necessarily one of those voted for on the first ballot—would have been chosen. The chances are that he would have been a liberal sound money man, with moderate views on the tariff.

Such an arrangement would have saved much harrowing inkshed, and materially mitigated the asperities of the campaign. We should probably have had it if the fathers of the Republic could have foreseen how their own ingeniously complicated scheme was going to work.

THE TRAVELS OF GROSVENOR.

It has been the plaint of adventurous globe-trotters that there no longer remain any strange and unknown regions still inviting the efforts of the explorer. Japan has became commonplace. The Dark Continent has ceased to be dark. Long trousers and cutaway coats dominate the most occult part of Persia, and doubtless if we should seek out the capital of the Ahkoond of Swat we would find that potentate wearing a silk hat and drinking beer brewed in Milwaukee.

But a chance utterance of that distinguished political mathematician, General Grosvenor, affords hope that somewhere in this world of ours is a spot where the special correspondent has not penetrated, where the cork helmet of the British tourist is unknown, and which is not even down on the engaging itineraries of Mr. Cook. The General has been travelling, and, returning to the political nerve centre at Canton, Ohio, announces: "Everywhere I have been the people regard the tariff as the sole issue."

Now where can Grosvenor have been? It is reported that in certain mountain districts of East Tennessee the people are still loyally voting for "Gin'ral Jackson." In the mountains of North Carolina, too, there are said to be occasional ballots cast for Jefferson Davis. Perchance in these admirably conservative regions, far removed from the political storm and stress of to-day, is to be found that mental condition which produces belief that protection is the sole issue of the campaign.

If this conjecture is not correct, General Grosvenor will render a service to geographical and political science by explaining just where he has been.

The Journal's prediction that the number killed in the recent Armenian massacre at Van, originally placed at sixty, and then at four hundred, would mount up into the thousands as the facts leaked out, is rapidly attaining fulfilment. The figure is now placed at 1,500, and it is said that the Kurds are gathering on all sides to pillage the city. In any other age this would have been enough to call for a note of expostulation from the Christian powers. As it is, Mr. Gladstone seems to be almost the only European statesman who retains the old tradition that there is room for a heart in politics, and he is on the retired list.

The Greater New York Commission has settled down to actual work. In yesterday's proceedings there were evidences of a division among the Commissioners as to the extent to which the new general government should supersede the local governments of the existing municipalities. This difference of opinion, however, will not necessarily be permanent. The investigation of the problem is only beginning, and by the time it is finished the outlines of the best system may appear so clearly that all the Commissioners, as well as the public, will think alike.

Chicago is lamenting that her school census enumerators have been able to corral only 1,625,000 people within her limits. The figures seem to show a decline in population. However, there will be a chance for another census next week. It is said that all Indiana is going to be in Chicago to shout for Matthews, all Iowa to whoop for Boles, and all Missouri to root for Bland. Then will be the time for the enterprising census taker to prove his fitness for his calling.

The comments of the London press on the satisfactory ending of the latest Venezuelan incident show, on the whole, a becoming spirit of good will, although in some quarters there are traces of regret that the British lion could not have gained his way by the favorite old method of shaking his mane and lashing his tail, instead of by polite requests through the United States. The ultimatum habit is hard to break off, but with consistent self-denial it can be cured in time.

The American horse has found a stopping place at last to break his fall from the road to the cannery. The English are buying him to haul "tram cars." As America advances from the horse car to the electric age, England is progressing from the bus to the horse car. By the time British enterprise has advanced to the general use of electric traction Uganda will be ready for the "tram." Thus the future of the horse appears less black than despondent fancy has painted it.

The friends of humanity throughout the world will thrill with exultation at the news that the Powers of Europe are "in entire accord as regards Crete," and that they have "jointly urged the Porte to maintain order in the island." No doubt the Porte will yield to this request, and after order has been restored the troops that have done the work may have Cretan ears to sell in other provinces, as they have been selling the ears of Armenian women in Crete.

The vacant-lot farms on Long Island are more successful this year than ever, and the experiment seems to have come to stay. There is plenty of land outdoors, and if the destitute can feed themselves, instead of remaining dependent upon others, they ought to be given every opportunity to do it.

"The Gay Parisienne."

London, June 20.—Don't imagine that George Dance and Ivan Caryll's musical farce, "The Gay Parisienne," now running at the Duke of York's Theatre, has anything whatsoever in common with the blithe absurdity we saw at Hoyt's under the title of "The Gay Parisians." The latter piece is now at the Vaudeville, but "The Gay Parisienne" reached London first and forced "The Gay Parisians" to change its title to "A Night Out." Of course, you know all this, but still I shan't apologize for rehearsing it. It is just as well to get things straight.

"The Gay Parisienne" crept into London "on rubbers," as the saying is, and, as is frequently the case, jumped into a totally unexpected hit. The hit was not only unexpected, but absolutely unaccountable. It is a musical "farce comedy" that nobody seems to want for America. Even Rudolph Aronson has made no bid for it, by which you will understand that it must be tart to a frolicsome degree. It is the sort of thing, however, that glad Americanizers could "make over" as they "made over" "The Lady Slavey." Not that I should counsel any such proceeding. Musical comedies come into London by the shoals, and I am afraid—may I say I hope?—that New York is tired of them. They are most assuredly wearisome.

The piece at the Duke of York's, however, is interesting by reason of an odd little eccentric bit of femininity, calling herself Loule Freear. Everybody is crying for her as children cry for Blank's medicament. She is a Harrigan tough girl done up into Londonese, and her personality is most unique. She is short and hilariously hideous. She rejoices in her facial peculiarity and wears clothes that set it off delightfully. She slouches and ambles. She looks entertainingly soiled—a sort of up-to-date Tilly Slowboy. There is not a bit of exaggeration in anything she does, and she does a great deal. If any roof garden perpetrator can steal the song she sings called "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," I should recommend the theft. I am opposed to crime on general principles, but in this case it would be excusable. "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" is delicious, and Miss Freear renders it side-splittingly. I should like to abscond with it, and lay it at the feet of Ada Lewis.

Miss Freear is the one gleam in the opaqueness of "The Gay Parisienne." The piece itself is anything but gay. George Dance has invented a silly story about a breach of promise case, in which a staid man, married, is sued by a merry Frenchman. But he left his story in the lurch very soon, and wandered off to the sheer irrelevancy that we used to tolerate in farce-comedy, but are now luckily discarding. Dance's humor is as heavy as lead. He is, in fact, a clog-Dance. (Please, oh, please, don't imagine that because I'm in London I'm getting pun-ny. I'm not, I swear I'm not.)

The songs by Dance and Caryll are of the ornithological order, which I described to you in my criticism of "The Geisha." There's a "cock-a-doodle-doo" ditty that is like half a dozen other things now being sung in this city. It is quaintness gone wrong, "cuteness" led astray, and the unconventional lured to its ruin. The sounds of the birds, beasts and fishes are still being snapped up by the musical comedy fiends. You hear them in every production made in England, and I'm getting heartily sick of parrots, goldfish, roosters and tomtits. Then there's a "Tootle, Tootle, Too" song that lends itself to clownery and horse play. It is really remarkable how such inanities succeed in London. English audiences seem to be growing backward to the tootsy-wootsy period of their lives. They revel in the fond mumblings that mommers make to their baby boys. They are hungry for the jargon of the nursery. They adore "did-ems" and "was-ems," and all that sort of thing set to music.

With "The Gay Parisienne" you feel you want a bottle of soothing syrup. Positively, as I sat in the theatre, my gums began to ache. And when Lillie Belmore, W. H. Denny, Loule Freear and Frank Wheeler began to "Tootle, Tootle, Too" I had a tooth-cutting pain. Of course it's always well to recall the days when you were young, tiddle-de-dum, but there's a limit to all things.

The role of the Gay Parisienne is played by Miss Ada Reeve, who you will remember having heard at Koster & Bial's not so very long ago. She was young and very fascinating then. Now, alas! she is no longer fascinating, though still young. She has lost the ingenuous girlishness that we all admired. I suppose that a siege of musical comedy is extremely wearing. I don't see very well how it can be otherwise. Miss Reeve manages to dance and to sing, but she is neither chic nor entertaining. It is rather a pity that she left the music halls. After all, they keep a woman young. (Don't be indignant with me for saying so.

Frank Wheeler is a very clever member of "The Gay Parisienne's" cast. He is a character actor and is assigned to the part of a French spy. I have noticed that French character parts generally go well. They are easily prominent. Still, Mr. Wheeler wins much by his own well-measured efforts, and he deserves all the praise that he can get.

The Duke of York's is packed at every performance of "The Gay Parisienne." In the lobby you can hear Toms and Dicks and Harrys, stating it mildly. Still it goes on in a reasonless canter. There are some pretty girls in the chorus and some rather winsome costumes. There is also a "pas international" that is not at all bad. Possibly it is the chowderlike qualities of "The Gay Parisienne" that recommend it to the English metropolis. Londoners are evincing a strong distate for thinking. They rush in crowds to those theatres that supply froth, froth and toujours froth. I'm fond of froth myself, but I like a little something solid beneath it. Pretty, catchy music like the marvellously attractive melodies in "The Geisha," will satisfy me. There is little of this in "The Gay Parisienne," and I am thankful that I shall not be obliged to sit through the piece again. It will do a great deal, though, for the Duke of York's Theatre, which has had a somewhat Jonah-esque career.

ALAN DALE.

Is Boles a Waterloo-loo?

Ex-Governor Boles, of Iowa, dates his letters from Waterloo. That is an ominous starting place in the Presidential race and Boles may be justly regarded as a Waterloo-loo if he wins at Chicago.—Denver Republican.

Senator Allen says: "Horace Boles doesn't know the taste of whiskey or beer." That's what comes of drinking the miserable stuff sold on the quiet in Iowa.—Chicago Journal.

It looks as if Mr. Boles, of Iowa, might yet succeed in struggling up out of the dark horse class.—Washington Star.

Horace Boles is one of the men who make farming pay, and yet he wants to be President! —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Boss Filibuster.

[Houston Post.]

Yellow Jack, the greatest filibuster on record, is landing ammunition in Cuba daily now for the insurgents.

Silver.

Oh, the silver; oh, the silver
Of these busy times a sign;
It's gleaming white
And blooming bright,
And yet it's all moonshine.
Although the West may wildly chant
Its virtues manifold;
Oh, who to-day
Will boldly say:
"It is as good as gold?"

Oh, the silver; oh, the silver,
Though a-jingling through the land
Its festive boom,
But sounds its doom
To all who understand.
"Sixteen to one," the eagle screams,
"To bet will I make bold,
Though silver's meat
And good as wheat,
It's not as good as gold!"

Oh, the silver; oh, the silver,
With its tinkling tumpty-tum,
Now greets the ear,
Both far and near,
While Teller hits the drum.
Oh, the bloom is on the silver
That upon the wave is rolled,
Though very white
And shining bright,
It's not as good as gold.

Oh, the silver; oh, the silver,
On the campaign billow tost,
We read a scrawl
Upon the wall—
A prophecy of frost.
It is a lining of a cloud
That's dark and damp and cold,
And hints in sooth
This golden truth:
It's not as good as gold.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Lady, the Clergyman and the Bad Boy.

Several of the large tobacco manufacturing firms are now trying to popularize their goods with youthful consumers by giving away with each purchase a lapel button, on which is printed some striking motto, and it was one of these innocent pieces of bone that came near causing dissension in one of the fashionable churches of the city a few days ago. The twelve-year-old son of the pastor is as full of worldliness as scions of ministers usually are, and, of course, smokes cigarettes; so when buttons came to constitute a part of every package of those obnoxious things, he was one of the first to be adorned. He soon had quite a collection, and in looking over it one day he saw one that struck him as being particularly appropriate for his father. So he picked it out, and, going into the library, where the dignified old gentleman was busy at his next Sunday's sermon, he stole softly up behind him and pinned it on the ministerial lapel and then went on his light-hearted, happy way.

A short time afterward one of the wealthiest pillars of the church, an eccentric and decidedly conventional spinster, called at the parsonage and proceeded to narrate unto her shepherd the woes that made her life a burden. She was driving away at a tremendous rate, the minister paying sympathetic attention, his fingers toying idly with the lapel of his coat, when the old maid's eyes fell on that button. A stern and rigid look settled on her naturally sour visage, and she stopped talking abruptly. Then she rose to go.

"Excuse me," she said, freezingly, "but I thought that was what ministers were for."

The bewildered parson tried in vain to detain her and obtain some explanation, but she was obdurate and hurried away, with indignation oozing from her every pore. He followed her to the door, and when she had slammed it after her, was walking slowly back when he looked down on that button and the bold, black letters of the motto, "I've troubles of my own; don't tell me yours."

A Medieval Hero in Modern Clothes.

[From the London Times.]

Paris, June 18.—Particulars of the assassination of the Marquis de Mores have been telegraphed from Tunis. It appears that, warned by the French authorities in Tunis of the impossibility of passing through the Tunisian Sahara, he gave a written promise to go by Gabes, Nefzaud, Barrezof, Birlaian and El Biodh, the most southerly French military post in Algeria. He had eight European attendants, forty-five camels and 40,000 francs' worth of merchandise. At Nefzaua he turned off to the east, being apprehensive that a French officer had been sent to stop him, and went close by the Tripoli frontier. At El Ouatia he met Tuaregs, who persuaded him to send back his escort and camels and take a Tuareg escort and camels. He retained three Arabs and five negroes. At 8 p. m. on the 8th inst., after waiting five days for the camels which he had paid for in advance, he resumed his march. The interpreter marched first, then M. de Mores, and next an Arab and two negroes, all mounted on camels, while the convoy was 300 yards behind. After two miles' march three of the Tuareg escort fell on M. de Mores. He shot one and the others fled, but two Tuareg bands came up, one falling on the convoy and the other on M. de Mores. The latter and his followers made a desperate defence, but were at last massacred. The convoy was captured and four of the men in charge of it were carried off as prisoners, but they escaped, and on the 10th inst. reached the scene of the conflict, where they found the bodies of M. de Mores, two Arabs and two negroes, all stripped and covered with wounds. * * *

Whatever was out of the common pleased De Mores. He was a Boulangist, because this signified conspiring and overturning; he was an Anti-Semite, because this harmonized with his medieval tendencies; he was mixed up in the grotesque Norton affair, because the scoundrels by whom he, in common with M. Deroulede, who is a man somewhat of the same type, had been drawn into it, had made him believe that it was combating England. He had not the slightest inkling of the miserable origin and contemptible aim of that childish affair. In fact, he was always the dupe and paid the piper. He applied for money to his wife, an American heiress, and to his father, the Duc de Vallombrosa, who eventually placed him under tutelage. He was always requiring funds, which disappeared in the hands of sharpers. Nobody would be better entitled than I should to judge him harshly. He pictured me in his delirious moments in fantastic and mythical guise. He imagined me ubiquitous, managing men and things quite unknown to me. But he was perfectly honest, listening to the vampires who deluded him with transparent fables, and one could not feel resentment against a man living under a constant nightmare. In the end, unable to revive the middle ages on European soil, he passed half the year in Africa, where Islam gave him the illusion of past ages. There he conceived the idea of stirring up the Soudan. He had sent money to the Tuaregs and counted, as usual, on achieving imperishable fame. It was an attempt to turn the world back. his death is the logical sequence of his life, but nothing was commonplace in either his life or his death, and nothing base except those who preyed on him.

The American Miss Bonaparte's Fiance.

Count Adam Moltke, whose engagement to Miss Louisette Bonaparte, of Baltimore, has just been announced in the cable dispatches, knows a good deal about America, possessing an American aunt, in the person of the daughter of Benjamin Hutton, of Orange, N. J. Miss Hutton married the late Count Harold Moltke, who for many years was Military Attache of the Legation at Paris, of which Miss Bonaparte's future father-in-law is the head. The American Countess Moltke has resided in Paris, in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, since becoming a widow. These Danish Moltkes are only very distantly related to the family of the famous Field Marshal of the German Army, but they are near kinsfolk to that Countess Magdalen Moltke who is married to the famous German painter, France von Lenbach.

The latter, as my readers will already have learned from the cable dispatches, is suing for a divorce from his wife, naming Prince Bismarck's famous physician, Dr. Schweninger, as co-respondent, and Bismarck's home at Friedrichsruh as the scene of the events. Schweninger is a man of particularly evil reputation, as far as morality is concerned, and has actually suffered imprisonment at Munich for an act of gross impropriety, of which it is only necessary to state that the person who gave him in custody, after having summoned assistance, was the widow of his most intimate friend, and that the scene of his arrest was the grave of this friend, to which he had escorted the lady. Had it not been for the police he might possibly have been lynched then and there in that cemetery which the Germans so touchingly style the Court of Peace.

In spite of these ignoble antecedents, which cause him to be regarded with the utmost ill will by all the shining lights of the medcal profession in Germany, he has been selected by Bismarck to act as his chief physician, and the ex-Chancellor is firmly convinced that he is indebted for having survived the last two decades entirely to the care and medical attention of Dr. Schweninger. The latter may be said to have constituted during all that time an important member of the Bismarck establishment, the old Chancellor sharing his friendship and his trust between the Doctor and the famous painter, Lenbach. Whether the Prince will retain the services of the Doctor after the present scandal is doubtful, though I have frequently known him to express in cases such as these the opinion that it is the woman who is to blame, and not the man, who is merely a dupe to her wiles.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"It is very kind of you, madam," said the tramp, "to give me such a fine dinner."

"Don't mention it, you poor man," said the kind-hearted woman.

"But I will repay you," said the tramp, gratefully. "I'll tell all my pals that you are a flinty-hearted termagant that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so's they'll give your house the go-by and wont never bother you."—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

Maud—I thought Ethel was going to bleach her red hair?

Mabel—She decided not to when somebody accused her of Titian haired duplicity.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

"We lost our hired girl to-day. My wife fired her for riding a bicycle."

"Why, your wife rides a wheel herself, doesn't she?"

"Yes. That is the reason she doesn't want the girl to ride one."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

* * *

"And still you got even with her?"

"Oh, yes. I showed her the respect due to age."

As pitilessly as errant worlds might crush together, does woman meet up with woman.—Detroit Tribune.

* * *

"I should like to act," said the young woman.

"Have you had any training?" asked the manager.

"Yes."

"Systematic?"

"Well, I never hired anybody to drag me around by my hair or bump my head. But I have fallen down an elevator shaft and was in a cable car accident."—Washington Star.

* * *

Some girls think that wearing a loud costume removes the necessity of using bells on their bicycles.—Pittsburg Press.

* * *

"Frederick," said she, "don't let the baby stand alone."

"Why, she's old enough to learn to walk."

"Old enough to learn to walk! Why, she hasn't even learned to ride a bicycle yet."—Washington Star.

The Men Who Get Into Paragraphs.

That Fat Private.

[Detroit Tribune.]

However, among those who view the procession, there will still be some who will ask the name of that large, fat private in the ranks.

The Net Result.

[Detroit Tribune.]

As a net result of the attempt to bury Mr. Platt, the glass fronts have been kicked out of some fourteen more or less sumptuous coffins.

No Use.

[Washington Star.]

Mr. Peffer's dissatisfaction with what was said by free silver people at St. Louis confirms an impression that there is absolutely no use in trying to run this country to suit him.

A Platt Imitator.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Mr. McKinney, of Ohio, who attended his own funeral services the other day, succeeded in duplicating Mr. Platt's recent experience in St. Louis.

Mr. Hanna Was Absent.

[Pittsburg Press.]

The burglars that entered Mark Hanna's house got away without losing anything. Mr. Hanna was absent at the time.

Mr. Whitney Eulogized.

[Buffalo Enquirer.]

William C. Whitney can write letters which it is worth while to read. He evidently understands the financial question pretty nearly as well as some who go before the public more often on this subject.

An Up-to-Date Defence.

"We propose to show, gentlemen of the jury," said counsel for the defence, "that it is impossible for the defendant to have committed this crime.

"In the first place, we will prove that the defendant was nowhere near the scene of the crime at the time the crime was committed.

"Next we will offer the indisputable testimony of persons who saw the defendant on the spot, and who did not see the defendant commit the crime.

"We will show that no poison was found in the body of the deceased.

"Not only that, but we will prove that it was put there by the prosecution in this case.

"We will furthermore show that the deceased committed suicide.

"And last, but not least, we will prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the deceased is not dead.

"In view of all which corroborative facts, gentlemen of the jury, we respectfully ask for an acquittal."

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Act I. January. A wild night. Sleety snow fills the air, and goes driving in great gusts down the almost deserted streets. A gray-haired man creeps through Union Square, struggling against the storm, but with an eagerness of will that makes up for physical feebleness. He reaches the Academy of Music, and goes hesitatingly into the lobby. There is a curious dignity in his bearing, and the doorkeeper does not order him out. He creeps further, and humbly effaces himself in a corner. He can hear the music, the sound of voices. There comes a ringing burst of applause, and the man feebly claps his hands, and then stops to dash away the tears that stream from his eyes.

"That's for Stoddart—good old Stoddart—I used to act with him myself—and the name of Courtaine was better known than his! Good heavens, to think of it!"

And he shuffles out into the storm again, and goes—who shall say whither? For he has no home.

Act II. April. At the West Thirtieth Street Station House. Midnight. "Lock me up, Captain—please do. I need somebody to take care of me." ("I had a wife once—she's dead," he added, in a hushed whisper to himself.)

"What charge shall I make it?" said Captain Pickett, kindly.

"I've been drinking—make it that," said Courtaine, bitterly. And then he wildly laughed. "I dominated the California stage for twenty years. My name was known everywhere. I had friends—I had money!" He checked himself, and said quietly: "Lock me up, Captain. I need taking care of over night."

Act III. June. The great stone Workhouse on Blackwell's Island. A sunlit day, with the water shimmering gloriously. And inside the iron-barred corridor comes a man to meet me. He still bears himself with dignity, although his face is grizzled and unshaven, and one eye is blackened, and his forehead is bound in bandages. He had fallen into an area, two days before, and had been badly hurt, and Magistrate Kudlich had sent him here, kindly telling him that the city would make him as comfortable as possible.

"Yes. I am Harry Courtaine, the actor. I have acted for nearly fifty years. I began with Charlotte Cushman"——

His voice lost its pathetic bravery and quivered, and it was with strained hoarseness that he continued: "Life seemed bright then—made up of hopes and happiness. And I'm not dead yet," he said, after a pause. "When I get straightened up and out of here, I'm going to try to get an engagement, and make a success again before my life's curtain is rung down."

He carefully took from his spectacle case a folded paper, and lovingly smoothed it. "My only programme! Do you see name on it?" he said eagerly. "It's only one I've got left. But I hope to some more—surely—surely"—— And there was hope shining in his eyes, and a new pride in his bearing.

Quaint Happenings in the Outskirts.

A Human Foghorn.

Bradley County, Tenn., glories in the possession of a prominent citizen whose real name is Colonel Thomas L. Cate, but who is rapidly becoming known to fame as "Foghorn Tom." Colonel Cate's vocal mechanism is of a character that enables him to discount the most strenuous efforts of a country circus steam calliope. He trained it when a boy signalling his companions from one mountain top to another. His prize feat is to stand on one side of Bradley County and make himself heard at the opposite extreme edge, the orthography of his call being:

"Way—goo—oo—oo—oo—ee!"

And on some days, when the atmospheric conditions are just right, back comes the echo:

"Way—goo—oo—oo—oo—ee!"

The rapid spread of Foghorn Tom's fame is due to his habit of attending National conventions. He is a happy looking man, of fifty years, and resembles a composite picture of Sherman and Allison. And, sitting in the gallery at St. Louis, no spectator looked more innocent and harmless. But at the close of the temporary chairman's speech the delegates were appalled to hear ringing out so that the rafters shook, a superhuman:

"Way—goo—oo—oo—oo—ee!"

The scandalized sergeant-at-arms sent an officer to the gallery, but no trace of the monstrosity could he find. And it was only just prior to the final adjournment that Foghorn Tom was finally detected and forced to bite off and swallow a yard or two of the end of his marvellous:

"Way—goo—oo—oo—oo—ee!"

Where the Wind Comes From.

Never since a wild Texas steer broke loose from his stock yards moorings in Chicago, ran amuck up Michigan avenue and dashed through the front door and up the stairs of the handsome residence of Mr. Yerkes, have the police of that breezy town been so agitated as they have been of late over the vagaries of a peripatetic house without any back yard.

When the police first became aware of the existence of this house it was a mere skeleton standing on one of the river docks. It was a queer place for a house, but the police did not become suspicious until the structure began moving from one dock to another, finally being landed on to a scow and towed up the river.

Then the police gave chase. It was a frame house, and the bluecoats, knowing full well that nothing so tickled a Chicagoan as the breaking of municipal laws designed for his benefit, saw in the manoeuvre a scheme to violate a building ordinance. The ordinance in question says frame houses shall not be constructed within the city limits, but it makes no objection to the building of a frame house on the docks and shipping it to its destination.

The house was landed out on the West Side; but whenever the police made a descent upon it the men engaged in moving the structure would suddenly disappear. This disquieting process was kept up for several days, the route of the travelling frame structure being still well within the prohibited district. The police could not so much as learn the name of its owner.

At last Chief Badenoch had an inspiration.

"You say you can't find the owner?" he said.

"Divil a hair av him," said Officer Flannigan.

"Very well, then," responded the Chief; "go and arrest the house."

"An' phat will be the charge agin' the house, Yer Anner?"

"Vagrancy," said the Chief.

And so the house was arrested for vagrancy, and still remains without bail in the hands of Captain Baer, of the West Chicago Avenue Station.

Canine Vendetta.

Polo and Sam, town dogs of San Leandro, Cal., were inseparable companions. When Polo fell sick and died Sam was unconsolable. He watched beside the dead body, and when two men came and removed Polo's skin Sam manifested his disapproval by growling and showing his teeth.

"It is lucky there are two of us," said one of the men; "the brute's in a nasty temper."

Two days later Sam was in his master's saloon, when one of the men who had skinned Polo entered. Instantly the dog was at his throat, and it was with the utmost difficulty that his master subdued him.

The incident became the talk of the town. Sam's hostility to the man who had skinned his companion grew more bitter day by day, and finally, feeling that he was being pursued by a genuine canine vendetta, the man lost his nerve and left the neighborhood.